The Vengeance of Henry Jarroman Woman Always

By ROY VICKERS

meths. The quality of personal mag-

sign is as unmistagable as it is in
classic.

She knew, too, the moment when
beir eyes met, just why he had come, in
had come to see what sort of a
life Stranack had. He paid the comlinest to her intelligence of scarcely
insert to her intelligence of scarcely
roubling to veil his purpose.

She seemed unaware of his quick,
litical glance, but her whole wifehood
was crying out with satisfaction in the
maskedge that she was approved of
maskedg

then.' "Rest!" repeated Nell, faintly, her scorn berealy concerned to discover whether stranack could bring the added weight of a socially useful wife to the embryo sarty.

As the luncheon progressed, any servousness she might have felt at the soment of their meeting had completely flasppeared. Her task was in itself a simple one. He was not looking for a simple one. He was not looking for a simple one. The political woman, she insw, perished miserably in the eightes. He was looking for a balanced, racious hostess, and it was not hard to ive him what he required.

She was shrewd enough not to lead he conversation into channels designed to call attention to the merits of her unband. She knew a wife's best adtitisement of her husband is the simple the which takes his value for granted dassumes every one else does the feet meal was over Carrondale.

Refer the meal was over Carrondale

Chi-ik!

**She had been lying there, battling with her depression, for about a quarter of an hour, when a shrill whistle came to her cars, a whistle that ended in a strange, birdlike trill.

Nell leaped to her feet and flung open the window. Regardless of her apparel. She leaned out, and her bright eyes searched the shrubbery on either side of the drive. At first she snw nothing, then, by the farside gate post she spied the peak of a cap. Beneath it there presently appeared a profile which was followed by the upper part of the body of Mr. Benjamin Shrager.

The acquired caution of the last few days vanished in a shriek of welcome.

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Nell leaped to her feet and flung open the window. Regardless of her apparel. She had been lying there, battling with her depression, for a hour, whof

ras telling her a foolish anecdote of his corbood, laughing inordinately at an imperceptible point—and Nadia knew hat she had succeeded. Before she rithdrew to leave them to their coffee farrondale referred to a deputation of oreign constructors who were coming to England to see him a month later. Nadia crouched for her opportunity and prang in with the suggestion that the equiation should be accommodated at

er house.

When she left them she could see that Carrondale would rather she had remained.

She went to a long glass in her drawing room and deliberately studied herelf. She wore today a dark silk turbuoise. The lunch had been just right, well chosen, well served; the table appointments quiet but distinctive. Nadia colord round her drawing room. She coved the room—she had spent hours in planning it, in enhancing its delicate tharm in terms of line and color and special friend o' mine—leastways, 'e used ter be—there's no knowin' wot 'e is now.''

Half an hour later Carrondale had ten a reluctant departure. Nadia, ically. raiting for Wilfred to return to her, elt within her a growing elation. The ompromise she had made with herself t Swallowabath seemed practicable. He had resolved then, under the stars, to shirk no line of the role that had een thrust upon her; she had promed Lady Doucester to remain Henry arroman's daughter until she could lecus with him the trick that fate had layed them both, until she could are ared them both, until she could ex-tact from him a promise to take no agrance for that old theft of the Cam-a fortune. It was unfortunate that coming was so delayed; it brought

stentally Nadia sprang to attention.

e thing—an echo of her great blunat Swallowsbath?

Don't think I'm an unappreciative

ate, but-you want to use a bit of crimination in talking to a chap like

crimination in talking to a chap like at, you know. You amused him all the I'm not denying that. But—il, if you'd worked the conversation used to houses, for example, we might ve to in one or two good points."

Nadia's heart sank. Tears of bitter suppointment welled as she realized colly impression she had made upon lifted by her careful work was that chad mildly hampered him. But the are went back to their source, and are came instead laughter—the still. alias laughter that ripples only in allence of the soul. In that mothe was born to her the wife's nee of humor—the sense that teaches woman to deny her own triumphs, and laugh in the denial and be glad.

I'm sorry, dear," she murmured, must be more careful next time, u must teach me to be really useful

te owe to your father. I—I don't mean lay down the law about things."

Now was the moment to kill the suscion which, she knew, still tormented is deepest consciousness—that she remarked the use of her money for what arched for words, but even while she arched for words, but even while she salitated, she was battling again with i her old difficulties. The money was not a wholehearted one. She is an other in the seandalized Mrs. Carfax, and stopped short as she caught the distant vibration of the front door bell.

"Very well, then, Mr. Rawson, only—"Thank you a thousand times, Mrs. Carfax," said Rawsong and disappeared.

The caller would have to be kept waiting. It was a low thing that always looked extremely bad, but there was nothing for it. He would apologize and pretend that the bell was out of order. So he planned as he entered the drawing room.

"Teal is served, madam."

Lady Doucester, madam."

Lady Doucester had not accepted lit in vitation to dine with them, given lithin a few hours of their return to make was occupied by a guest, and had that she would prefer to come in.

was occupied by a guest, and had led that she would prefer to come inrmally as a friend, not as a motherlaw.

There was certainly something very as friendship in the giance she we Nadia as she greeted her now.

BRING him to lunch," suggested Nadia, looking around her perfect ing room.

"Impossible!" he answered. "One to be joily careful not to run after man like that."

From which emphatic statement Nawas led to conclude that Carrondale asked himself to lunch when he appared with Wilfred on the following with Wilfred on the following with eight in the least like his published photother. The quality of personal mag
the least like his published photother. The quality of personal magthe least like his published photother. The quality of personal magthe least like his published photother. The quality of personal magthe least like his published photother. The quality of personal magthe least like his published photothe quality of personal magthe least like his published photothe load to the find you here.
Wilfred. I wanted to pry about all over the house with Nadia, and ask her cook how to bottle strawberries whole.

Mrs. Carfaz gets here so equashy."
Wilfred disappeared, laughing, Lady Doucester turned to Nadia.

"I really want you to come with me."
The like that."

"No, he isn't," said Lady Doucester, rather shortly. Then she collected herethe load to pry about all over the house with Nadia, and ask her cook how to bottle with Nadia, and ask her cook how to bottle the whole.

"I didn't expect to find you here.

Wilfred. I wanted to pry about all over the house with Nadia, and ask her cook how to bottle with Nadia, and ask her cook how to bottle with Nadia, and ask her cook how to bottle with Nadia, and ask her cook how to bottle with Nadia, and set her cook how to bottle with Nad

Nell Is Bored

From her room that overlooked the drive, Nell Jarroman had seen Lady Doucester's car slide off. Nell was bored to tears. She had finished "Lovely Lady Sal," tried on a flame and sliver evening dress which she had bought at a shop where Lady Doucester had opened an account for her, done her hair in three different ways, and finally thrown herself upon her bed, clad in a much-trimmed camisole and a petticoat from which Redding, the maid, had taken her eyes with difficulty when she had brought Lady Doucester's message. "Her ladyship hopes to be back within the hour, madam. She thought perhaps you would like to rest till then."

"Rest!" repeated Nell, faintly, her scorn threatening to deprive her alto-

"Wot cheer, Ben!" she greeted him, as he came within shouting distance of

her window.

"Ain't cher comin' out, Nell?"

"I ain't dressed. You come in."

Ben glanced uneasily at the front

door,
''Gow on. Pull the bell. cawn't cher? They won't 'urt cher.'' The perfectly just aspersion of his courage, nerved Benjamin Shrager to the rash act of pressing the bell push. From that point onward there was no

retreat.

Rawson stared up at the red bull neck issuing from a striped muffler, took in the general formidability of the caller, and contented himself with saying quite pleasantly for Rawson:

"You've come to the wrong entrance."

is now.

"Thet's all right," said Ben, pacif-

Rawson stared after them with fur-rowed brow.

reward complications, such as the restion, now in abeyance, of a country one. Well, if necessary, the house was severely logical. For him there could be no middle course. His professional self-respect, his pride of craft, demanded that he could be made to understand that had been part of the role.

Wilsty Sense of Honor

"I'm sorry I had to spring him on the said he wanted to talk to me to this building stunt, so I rushed the building stunt, so I rushed the said he wanted to talk to me out this building stunt, so I rushed the said he wanted to talk to me and intended to keep to it.

He kept uneasy guard outside the drawing-room door. He had already seen enough of Nell to be sure that neither she nor her friend would damage the furniture. But he knew that his employers' interests might well be jeopardized in other ways.

He did not eavesdrop, but he could hear that the girl was doing the talk-

I think so," he said, flushing with hear that the girl was doing the talk-hear that the girl was doing the t Rawson suspected that Miss Javroman was entertaining her caller with anecdotes of himself. It was nothing to him to be the butt of vulgar minds, but

The dreaded supposition materialized almost before he had well framed it in his thoughts. His ears caught the sound of a carriage in the drive. He hurried to the narrow window of the hall. Blue and buff livery. The Duchess of Brendon—or old Lady Claveridge—

Rawson positively bounded up the stairs to the housekeeper's room.
Mrs. Carfax stared at the butler in angry surprise. For one thing an in-trusion on her privacy was absolutely unheard of. For another, the sheer need for human companionship had driven her to inviting Redding to take a cup of tea with her, and she was embar-

or tea with her, and she was embarrassed at being caught in this act of
questionable condescension.

"Mrs. Carfax, Miss Jarroman is in
the drawing room with a man of her
own class. There's a carriage outside
and I don't know who is in it, but
there's only the Duchess or one of the
Claveridge ladies goes about in a carriage nowadays. Will you allow me to
bring those—persons—to your room?" He caught her to him.

"Nadis, am I a cad to speak like at? I don't forget for a moment all scandalized Mrs. Carfax, and stopped short as she caught the distant vibration of the front door bell.

"Vory well, then, Mr. Rawson.

housekeeper's Toom, madam, as I thought it would be more convenient."
Not until Rawson had closed the housekeeper's door behind them did he sprint downstairs to confront a mildly indignant footman, of whom he soon disposed with the assurance that Lady Doucester was not at home.

CONTINUED TOMORROW







We asked the young lady across the way if she liked the editor's but she supposed he didn't have much time to think about . his

IN THE VACANT LOT BASEBALL LEAGUE By FONTAINE FOX WAS IN THERE HIMSELF NTIN OF A HOLE AND KEPT YELLING TAKE HIM OUT TO RATTLE The game between the "Little-Potators -Hard-to-Peel' bell team and the Junior Giante was enlivened by a scrap between two spectatore quot like a regular Big heaque game.

HEY MANN! HIM WE HAVE A COUPLA GRAHAM CRACHERS TEAT WITH OUR SASSAFRAS TWO O'CLOCK TEA-

PETEY-It's Hard to Believe Long Skirts Are Here Again







GASOLINE ALLEY-Avery Isn't Tight; He's Careful

